Serpentes avibus geminentur, Tigribus ag

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Harlequin-Horace:

OR, THE

ART

OF

Modern Poetry.

Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

LONDON:

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TO

J--N R--H, Eſq;

&c. &c. &c.

Worthy Sir,

I Doubt not moſt aſſuredly but great will be your Aſtoniſhment, to find your Name prefix'd to this our *Epiſtle Dedicatory*, ſeeing true it is, that we neither previouſly crav'd your Conſent thereunto, nor could preſume to do it by Virtue of any Perſonal Acquaintance with you, foraſmuch as our remembrance chargeth us not with having ſeen you at any time, ſave in the Guiſe of a *Hobby-Horſe*, *Bull*, *Spaniel*, or ſome other ſuch like *Animal*, in which you generally chuſe to communicate your ſelf to the Publick.

But to what worthy Perſonage could we ſo meetly apply for Protection, as to him who is the great Patron of the Art we here treat on? All the delectable Repreſentations you have entertain'd us with, have been put together in abſolute Conformity to the Rules we have laid down; nay verily, but from *thoſe* are the Rules themſelves extracted, in likewiſe as *Ariſtotle* compil'd his *Art of Antient Poetry* from the Writings of that then renown'd Ballad-maker *Homer*. Moreover 'twas you Sir (to your everlaſting Honour be it recorded) that firſt introduc'd among us the preſent delicate and amazing Taſte in our Diverſions; and 'tis to your lawdable Zeal and unparallel'd *Agility* that it owes its Succeſs. Indefatigable in *Well-doing* you couragiouſly perſevere to ſurmount all Oppoſition, and risk your very *Neck* for its Encouragement and Support.

We might here aptly take occaſion, Sir, to talk to you about your Forefathers, not weening but you have had as many as any Peer in the Realm, and thoſe too peradventure of as notable Memory; but you ſcorn to build your Fame on any *Bottom* ſave your own, and juſtly reſove to *Stand* on your own *Legs* for Reputation. You are happy, Sir, in your Self, and from your Self. You are bleſs'd with ev'ry natural Qualification which is requiſite to one in your Profeſſion, and have, to a great Perfection, acquir'd the Art of leading People by the Noſe. You have Wit enough to make your Advantage of the Follies of others, and Chymiſtry enough to extract Gold out of every thing but common Senſe, and that both as *Wit*, and *Chymiſt* you have nothing to do with; neither in verity ſhould you; for one in your Way can no more

expect

expect to thrive by common Senſe, than a *Weſtminſter* Juſtice by common Honeſty, or a *Covent-Garden* Bawd by common Modeſty. You prudently look on Mankind to be one half Knaves, and t'other Fools, and conclude juſtly, that to entertain both Sorts, there muſt be a joint-mixture of Trick and Buffoonry, every one delighting in the Repreſentation of what is moſt natural to him, or in which he labours to excel. Thus an *upright Citizen* is wonderfully diverted to ſee the Devil over-reach Dr. *Fauſtus* in a Bargain: a *Reverend Limb* of the Law, at ſeeing *Harlequin* turn'd *Judge*, take Bribes of both Sides, without doing Juſtice to either: Whilſt thoſe Shoals of *Templers*, *Beaux*, and *Lawyers Clerks*, the *Toupee Worthies* of *Tom*'s, *Dick*'s, and *White*'s, that compoſe the other Part of your Audience, receive inexpreſſible Satisfaction and Tranſport, at beholding your Worſhip transform'd into an *Aſs* or an *Old Woman*, and your Tables and Chairs, into Wheel-barrows, and Coblers Stalls.

Then as to the Fair Sex, Sir, you are not unknowing in what tends to their Recreation. You deem, we conjecture, one Moiety of 'em to be very civil Gentlewomen, and no better than they *Should be*; The other, to be ill-natur'd Prudes, becauſe they are forc'd to be really better than they *Would be*, and conſequently that to hit the Taſtes of the Whole, there muſt be an equal Quantity of Smut, and Scandal.

Nay, unſpeakable is the Service you have done the Publick in this reſpect; for whereas, to the foul Diſcouragement of Wit and Humour among us, our Women were in paſt Days ſo ſqueamiſhly delicate, that

that a pleaſant Hint, or waggiſh Jeſt would have frighten'd 'em out of a Room; they are now (thanks to your Inſtructions, Sir) as impenetrable Proof againſt any thing that tends to put them out of Countenance, and altogether as incapable of the Weakneſs of a Bluſh, as *Heydigger*, *Henly*, or your Self.

They can, with manifeſt Eaſe, and Tranquility, ſit out an Epilogue, or Farce, that deſcribes to 'em in plain Terms, the *Way of a Man with a Maid*; and not ſhew the leaſt Diſcompoſure, or Emotion, when the moſt *ſignificant* Geſtures are repreſented in a Dance —— Aſtoniſhing Philoſophy! What ſufficient Retaliation can we Fathers and Husbands make that worthy Perſon, who has been the happy Inſtrument of ſo powerfully correcting the vicious Inclinations of our Wives and Daughters, that they are not to be *moved* by any thing that can be ſaid to them. This indeed is the great Deſign, the ultimate End of all Dramatick Writings; ſo to mould and temper the Paſſions, as to purge and refine 'em, by the very Means they are excited: And the Atchievement of this glorious Work, is your lawdable Aim in all your Performances. You profoundly judge, that one Poiſon is beſt expell'd by another; that Incontinency is moſt effectually cur'd by more Incontinency, like heaping on Fewel to put out the Fire; and that the Repreſentation of Lewdneſs, is the moſt powerful Reſtraint from the Practice of it; agreeable to the Maxim of thoſe wiſe Heathens who made their Slaves drunk, to ſhew their Sons the Deformity of the Vice.

In fine, Sir, it may be very emphatically affirm'd of you, that you *know the World.* You have a commenſurate Idea of the Length, Depth, and Breadth of all the *Choice Spirits* and *Fine Genius*'s of the Age. You are convinc'd by happy Experience, that the Pleaſures and Diverſions which the preſent Race of Mortals are moſt fond of, are ſuch as do the moſt effectually impoſe both on their Senſes and Underſtandings; and that the utmoſt ſatisfaction they receive, is from being viſibly play'd the Fool with. That their Judgements have got the *Palſy*, and their Imaginations the St. *Vitus*'s Dance. The firſt, benumb'd, inſenſible, and unactive —— the laſt convuls'd, ridiculous, and unnatural; and, like a true *Quack*, you continue to apply *Anodynes* to thoſe, and *Volatiles* to theſe.

You are a thorough Maſter, Sir, of the great and Lucrative Art of *Deluſion*, and every thing is taken for Gold that but goes through your Hands. You can make Profaneſs paſs for Wit, and Lewdneſs for polite Converſation; Scolding for Rallery, and Hectoring for Courage, a Fool's Coat for pure Humour, and a Tweak by the Noſe, or a Box o'the Ear for keen Repartee. The preſent Sett of Criticks who preſide in the Theatres, and call themſelves the Town, are Gentlemen you well know of ſuch curious Conſtitutions, as can by no Means undergo the Drudgery of Thinking. To their Taſte therefore do you prudently project to reduce your Productions. To apply to their Judgment you cannot, for you are convinc'd they have none; and to accoſt their Senſes in a natural Way, would be likewiſe Impolitick, for thoſe being a Sort of Inlets, or *Sink-holes* to the Underſtanding,

ing, (which in theſe Gentlemen I look on to be a kind of *Common Sewer*) it would be only diſturbing the *Puddle*, to beſpatter your ſelf. Well-judg'd therefore is it of you, Sir, to endeavour to engage 'em by ſuch Diverſions, as were never before ſeen, heard, or conceiv'd; and never can be judg'd of or underſtood. In which Attempt you have ſo wonderfully, and meritoriouſly ſucceeded, that whilſt the *Sublime* of a *Shakeſpear*, the *Tenderneſs* of an *Otway*, and the *Humour* of a *Vanbrugh*, are repreſented by a *Booth*, a *Wilks*, and a *Cibber*, to empty Benches; you can by the ſingle wave of a *Harlequin*'s *Wand* conjure the whole Town every Night into *your Circle*; where, like a true *Cunning Man*, you amuſe 'em with a few *Puppy*'s *Tricks* while you juggle 'em of their Pelf, and then cry out with a Note of Triumph,

Si Mundus vult Decipi, Decipiatur.

And now, Sir, having given you a full and true Account of your ſelf, we come next (conſonant to the lawdable Cuſtom of Dedications) to ſay ſomething of our ſelves, with a Word upon our Performance.

As to the following Piece, it is *Horace new dreſs'd, modernis'd, done* into *Engliſh*, *adapted* to the *preſent Taſte*, or rather metaphorically ſpeaking, it is *Horace* turn'd *Harlequin*, with his Head where his Heels ſhould be; in which Poſture we ween not but he will be well receiv'd by you Sir, and in Conſequence of that, by the whole Town.

—— *Nec Phebo gratior ulla eſt*
quam ſibi quæ Vari preſcripſit pagina Nomen.

But here ſue we for Pardon, in not having conſider'd that you are too much both of a *modern* fine Gentleman, and Poet,

Poet, to underſtand Quotations from ſuch antiquated Authors; howbeit we are warranted hereunto by the daily Practice of our Brethren, who never fail to interlace, and trim their Dedications with Scraps from Authors at once ſo very foreign and enigmatical, that neither their Patrons or themſelves are travel'd enough to unriddle them.

And now for the *Criticks*, — thoſe malevolent *Mungrils*, whoſe Barking we deſpiſe; Thoſe *Hogs* whoſe only Delight is to feed on Ordure and Offalls; Thoſe Blund'ring *Oxen*, who tread down the good Corn, only to come at the Weeds; Thoſe *Black Birds*, who will be always picking Holes in the faireſt Fruit; Thoſe *Ruffians*, with dark Lanthorns, which contain juſt Light enough to ſhew 'em the Way to murder other People; Thoſe *Rats*, which tear Books to Pieces, only to come at the Paſte they are glew'd with; Thoſe *Owls*, *Batts*, *Vultures*, *Drones*, *Bears*, *Tigers*, *Crocodiles*, *Dragons*, we dread, abominate, neglect, and contemn; being thoroughly ſatisfy'd with our ſelves, and this our Performance; well knowing that what we have done, will be of infinite Service to Mankind in general, and greatly tend to the Advantage of our own dear *Countrymen*, and *Brethren*; The comfortable Reflection upon which, and the Approbation we ſhall unqueſtionably receive from the Town (and for which we lay hold of this Opportunity to return them our humble and hearty Thanks) will ſupport us under all the Oppoſition we may meet with from the above-mention'd *Hottentots*; and will encourage us to go on to the utmoſt of our Power, and publiſh ſomething more as ſpeedily as poſſible.

One Word more Sir, and we bid you adieu; we had once purpos'd to make the following Work more acceptable to the *Erudite*, by caſting at the Foot of each Page, a Competency of Notes both Critical and Explanatory;

natory; but upon more mature Deliberation, we determin'd to leave this Part to the penetrating, nice-gueſſing, and laborious Dr. *Zoilus*; no way doubting but he will execute it with equal Aſtoniſhment and Satisfaction to the gentle Reader, as he has already done with regard to our original Author.

And now, Sir, begging Pardon both of your ſelf and the Publick, for taking up ſo much of your precious Time, which is always employ'd in their Service, and intreating *Mercury* and *Venus* to take you into their Protection, praying at the ſame Time that you may never grow *fatt*, or be *laid by the Heels*, but may ever remain *ſlender*, *flippant* and *free*, both for the Recreation of this Metropolis, and your own private Emolument,

I ſubſcribe my ſelf with all due Submiſſion,

Your humble Admirer,

And hearty Well-Wiſher,

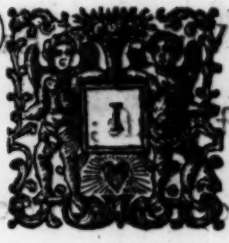
Harlequin-Horace.

Harlequin-Horace:

OR, THE

ART of Modern POETRY.

(1) IF some great Artist in whose Works conspire



The Grace of *Raphael*, and a *Tintian*'s Fire,

Should toil to draw the *Portrait* of a Fair

With *Shaftsb'ry*'s *Mien*, and *Harvey*'s pleasing *Air*;

(1) Humano capiti cervicem Pictor Equinam
Jungere si Velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

A *Shape* that might with lovely *Queenb'rough's* Vie,
The *Smile* of *Vanbrugh*, and a *Hartford's* Eye,
'Till the whole Piece ſhou'd like a *Richmond* ſhine,
One finiſh'd Form, in ev'ry *Part* divine.
Tho' thus with all that's *Juſtly* pleaſing fraught,
Our *modern Connoiſſeurs* would ſcorn the Draught.

(2) Such Treatment Friend you muſt expect to find,
Whilſt Art, and Nature in your works are join'd.
'Tis not to Think with Strength, and Write with Eaſe,
No — 'tis the *Ægri Somnia* now muſt pleaſe;
Things without Head, or Tail, or Form, or Grace,
A wild, forc'd, glaring, unconnected Maſs.

Well!

Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi, riſum teneatis, amici?
(2) Credite, Piſones, iſti Tabulæ fore Librum
Perſimilem, cujus velut Ægri Somnia, vanæ
Fingentur Species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. ——

Well! Bards *(you ſay)* like Painters, Licence claim,
To dare do any thing for Bread, or — Fame.
'Tis granted — therefore uſe your utmoſt Might,
To gratify the Town in all you write;
A Thouſand jarring Things together yoke,
The *Dog*, the *Dome*, the *Temple*, and the *Joke*,
Conſult no Order, but for ever ſteer
From grave to gay, from florid to ſevere.

(3) To grand Beginnings full of Pomp and Show,
Big Things profeſt, and Brags of what you'll do,
Still ſome gay, glitt'ring, foreign *Gewgaws* join,
Which, like *gilt Points*, on * *Peter's Coat*, may ſhine;

——— Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas;
Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. ———
(3) Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis
Purpureus late qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur Pannus, ———

* Vide *Tale of a Tub.*

Deſcriptions which may make your Readers ſtare,
And marvel how ſuch pretty Things came There.
So old * *Dinarchus toſſing* on his Bed,—
In dreadful Viſions that his Daughter bled,
A Friend comes in, and with Reflection deep,
Deſcants upon the *Sweetneſs* of his Sleep;
When up the Sire ſtarts trembling from his Dream,
And ſtraight preſents you with a *purling Stream*,
Deſcribes the *Riv'let* roving thro' the Trees,
The dancing *Sun-beams*, and refreſhing *Breeze*.
Thus ne'er regard Connection, Time, or Place,
For ſweet Variety has every Grace.
Suppoſe you're skill'd in the *Parnaſſian* Art,
To purge the Paſſions, and correct the Heart,

To

——— cum Lucus & ara Dianæ,
Aut properantis Aquæ per amænos ambitos agros,
Aut ſtumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus;
Sed nunc non erat his locus: ———
——— & fortaſſe Cupreſſum

* Vide *theſe Beauties in a* Modern *Play call'd* Timoleon, *a Tragedy.*

To paint Mankind in ev'ry Light, and Stage,
Their various Humours, Characters, and Age,
To fix each Portion in its proper Place,
And give the Whole one Method, Form, and Grace;
What's that to us? who pay our Pence to ſee
The great Productions of *Profundity*,
Shipwrecks, and *Monſters*, *Conjurers*, and *Gods*,
Where every Part is with the Whole at odds.
(4) With Truth and Likelihood we all are griev'd,
And take moſt Pleaſure, when we're moſt deceiv'd.
Now write obſcure, and let your Words move ſlow,
Then with full Light, and rapid Ardor glow;

In

Scis ſimulare, quod hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cæpit
Inſtitui, currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique ſit quidvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum.
(4) Decipimur ſpecie recti; brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem lævia nervi

In one Scene make your *Hero* cant, and whine,
Then, roar out *Liberty* in every Line;
Vary one Thing a thouſand pleaſant Ways,
Shew *Whales* in *Woods*, and *Dragons* in the *Seas*.

(5) To ſhun a Fault's the ready Way to fall,
Correctneſs is the greateſt Fault of all.

(6)What tho' in *Pope*'s harmonious Lays combine
All that is lovely, noble, and divine;
Tho' every part with Wit, and Nature glows,
And from each Line a ſweet Inſtruction flows;
Tho' thro' the whole the *Loves*, and *Graces* ſmile,
Poliſh the Manners, and adorn the Stile?

Yet

Deficiunt animique: profeſſus grandia turget.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam
Delphinum Sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum
(5) In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
(6) Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ore capillos;

Yet ſtill unhappily to Senſe tied down,
He's ignorant of the Art to pleaſe the Town.
Heav'n grant I never write like him I mention,
Since to the *Bays* I could not make pretenſion,
Nor *Threſher*-like, hope to obtain a *Penſion.*

(7) N'ere wait for Subjects equal to your Might,
For then, 'tis ten to one you never write;
When Hunger prompts you, take the firſt you meet,
For who'd ſtand chuſing when he wants to eat?
Beſides, Neceſſity's the keeneſt Whet;
He writes moſt natural, who's the moſt in Debt.

Take

Infelix operis ſumma, quia ponere totum
Neſciet; hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quam pravo vivere naſo ——
(7) Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus; & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

(8) Take then no pains a Method to maintain,
Or link your Work in a continu'd Chain,
But cold, dull Order glorioufly diſdain.
Now here, now there, launch boldly from your
Theme,
And make ſurprizing Novelties your Aim;
Bombaſt, and Farce, the Sock and Buskin blend,
Begin with *Bluſter*, and with *Bawdry* end.
(9) In coining Words your own diſcretion uſe;
For coin you muſt to ſuit the *modern* Muſe.
New Terms adapted to the Purpoſe bring,
When *Eagles* are to talk, or *Aſſes* ſing.

(8) Ordinis hæc vertus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici:
Pleraque differat, & preſens, in Tempus omittat.
9) In verbis etiam tenuis, cautuſque ſerendis,
Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddideret Junctura novum; ſi forte neceſſe eſt
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus, abdita rerum
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter,

No matter that from *Greece*, or *Rome* they come,
An *Engliſh* Poet ſcorns to go from *Home*.
Why ſhould to modern *Tibbald* be denied?
What antient *Settle* would have own'd with Pride.
Or why ſhould any mock, or envy me?
For writing a new *Art of Poetry*;
Since *Welſted*, *Philips*, *Ward*, have given us ſtore
Of Beauties which were never known before.
For as the ſtately Oaks that late were ſeen
Proudly compacted, eminently green,
Rob'd of their leafy Honours, ſtragling Bow,
Their hoary Heads beneath the falling Snow;

Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadunt parce detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, addemptum
Virgilio Varioque. Ego cur acquire pauca
Si poſſum invideor? Quum lingua catonis & Enni
Sermonem patrium dilaverit, & nova ecrum——
Nomina protulerit. Licuit, ſemperque licebit
Signatum præſente nota procudere nomen.
Ut Silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos:
Prima cadunt; ita Verborum vetus interit ætas;

So Nature, Wit, and Senſe muſt *blaſted* fall,
Whilſt *blooming* Ignorance prevails o'er all.
No *Work* ſo great, but what admits decay,
No *Act* ſo glorious, but muſt fade away.
Blenheim's vaſt Pile ſhall moulder into Duſt,
And *George*'s Statues be conſum'd by Ruſt;
Old things muſt yield to *New*, *Common* to *Strange*,
Perpetual Motion, brings perpetual Change.
Lo! *Shakeſpear*'s Head is cruſh'd by *R——h*'s Heels,
And a throng'd Theatre in *Goodman*'s Fields.
Lo! *Smithfield* Shows a *poliſh'd* Court engage,
And *Hurlothrumbo* charms the *knowing* Age.

Sinc

Et Juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terra Neptunus claſſes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus: ſteriliſve diu palus, abtaque Remis
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit arratrum.
—— —— Mortalia facta peribunt
Nedum Sermonum ſtet honos, & gratia Vivax.

Since Manners alter thus, the *modiſh* Muſe,
Themes ſuited to the reigning Taſte ſhould chuſe:
What Bard for *ſtarving* Senſe would ſuffer Death?
When *fruitful* Folly is th' Eſtabliſh'd *Faith.*

(10) The Way to write of Heroes, and of Kings,
And ſing in *wond'rous* Numbers, *wond'rous* Things;
Of mighty Matters done in bloody Battle,
How Arms meet Arms, Swords claſh, and Cannons rattle,
How ſuch ſtrange Toils, and Turmoils to rehearſe,
I learnt from *Bl——ch——re's* everlaſting Verſe.

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore Vocabula, ſi Volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.
(10) Res geſtæ, Regumque, Ducumque, & triſtia Bella
Quæ ſcribi poſſunt numero monſtravit Homerus.

(11) To ſing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdeſſes,
Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dreſſes:
The manner how they Plow, and Sow, and Reap,
* *How* ſilly *they*, *more* ſilly *than their* Sheep,
In Mantles blue, *can trip it o'er the* Green,
In *Namby Pamby*'s Paſt'rals may be ſeen.

(12) T——*ld* in *Mail compleat* of *Dullneſs* clad,
Half Bard, *half* Puppet-man, *half* Fool, *half* Mad,
Roſe next to charm the Ear, and pleaſe the Eye,
With ev'ry Monſter bred beneath the Sky;
His great Command Earth's Salvages obey,
And ev'ry dreadful Native of the Sea;
Amaz'd we view (by his ſtrange Pow'r convey'd)
Pluto's dark Throne, and Hell's tremendous Shade;

The

(11) Verſibus impariter Junctis querimonia Primum,
Poſt etiam Incluſa eſt Voti Sententia compos.

(12) Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Jambo
Tunc Socii cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni,

* *Two Lines in* Phillips's *Paſtorals.*

Then change the Scene, and lo! Heaven's bright
Abode's,
We dance with Goddeſſes, and ſing with Gods;
Encore, *Encore*, rings thro' the raptur'd Round,
Encore, *Encore*, the ecchoing Roofs reſound.

(13) The *Sacred Nine* firſt gave th'uncommon luck,
To charm the Royal Ear, to *Stephen Duck*;
To ſing the *Threſher's Labours*, and recite
Things done by *Man of God* for *Shunamite*.
Laborious *Duck!* who with prodigious Pain,
Haſt threſh'd from thy courſe, tough, hard-yielding
brain,
A moſt abundant Crop of *golden* Grain.

But

Alternis aptum Sermonibus & populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus ——
(13) Muſa dedit fidibus, Divos Pueroſque Deorum
Et pugilem Victoriam, & Equum, certamine primum,
Et Juvenum Curas, & libera Vina referre.

* But which of theſe the *Laureat*'s Wreath ſhall wear,
From their *like Merit* cannot well appear,
Till deep, diſcerning G—*ton* ſhall declare.

(14) If ignorant then of theſe *new* Ways to Fame,
You'll ne'er acquire the Poet's ſacred Name.
Your Readers Taſtes you muſt with Care diſcern,
And never be *too ignorant* to learn.
Let *Comick* Wit be wrote in *Tragick* Verſe,
And *doleful* Tales be ſhown in *hum'rous* Farce.
Aſſign no Place to a peculiar Part,
Nor brook the Bondage of laborious Art;

But

Quis tamen exiguos Elegos emiſerit Auctor
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.
(14) Deſcriptas Servare vices Operumque colores
Cur ego ſi nequeo Ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire pudens prave, quam diſcere malo?
Verſibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult
Indignatur item privatis ac prope Socco
Dignis Carminibus narrari cæna Thyeſtæ,
Singula quæque locum teneant Sortita decenter.
Interdum tamen & vocem Comedia tollit,
Et tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedeſtri.

* *When theſe Lines were firſt wrote, the Place of* Poet-Laureat *was Vacant by the Demiſe of the Reverend Mr.* Euſden.

* D. of Grafton Ld Chamberlain
N.B. - the Laureat's place is in ye Gift of

But vary oft your Method, and your Stile,
Let one Scene make us weep, the other ſmile,
It ſuits the various Tempers of our Iſle.

(15) 'Tis not enough that Show, and Sing-ſong meet,
The Ladies look for ſomething *ſoft*, and *ſweet*;
That ev'ry tender Sentiment can move,
And fix their Fancies on the *Part* they love.
In *Perſeus* this was to Perfection done,
The *Dance* was very *moving* they muſt own.

(16) But if you muſt be fooliſhly ſevere,
And in dull Morals madly perſevere;
Of Senſe, and Decency you ſtill will keep,
No wonder if your Audience hiſs, or ſleep.

Your

Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querela.
(15) Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata, Dulcia ſunto.
Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris Agunto.
(16) —— male ſi mandata Loqueris
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

Your Words ſhould ne'er be ſuited to your Theme,
The Sound a *Contraſt* to the Senſe ſhould ſeem.
A *merry* Grinn ſets off a *diſmal* Tale,
Weep when you *jeſt*, and *giggle* while you *rail*.
For wanton Nature forms the human Mind,
Still fond of *Wonders*, and to *Change* inclin'd;
Plain Senſe we fly, *ſtrange* Nonſenſe to purſue,
And leave *old Follies*, but to graſp at *New*;
One hour we court, what we the *next* refuſe,
And loath to morrow, what to day we chuſe:
Now we are grave, then gay — now wing'd with
Joy,
Then ſunk in Grief — and all we know not why.

Th

——— triſtia mæſtum
Vultum verba decent, Iratum Plena minarum
Ludentem laſciva, ſeverum ſeria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum. Juvat aut impellit ad Iram
Aut ad humum mærore gravi diducit, & angit,

The Things we hunt, are Pleaſure, Wealth, and
Fame,
But a wrong Scent ſtill cheats us of the Game;
For different Objects, different Aims excite,
And ſtill we think the laſt Opinion right:
To Craft, Deceit, and Selfiſhneſs inclin'd,
We never let the Face betray the Mind;
But then look faireſt, when we mean moſt Ill,
And *Syrens* like we only ſmile — to kill:
By Intereſt ſway'd, each Word is full of Art,
And ſtill the Tongue runs counter to the Heart.
(17) From all reſtraint your Characters ſet free,
Nor with their Fortune make their Words agree.

Poſt effert animi motus interprete Lingua.
(17) Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,

We hate a Piece where Truth and Nature meet,
Scorn what is real, but enjoy deceit;
And always give the moſt Applauſe to thoſe,
Who on our very Senſes moſt impoſe.
(18) Take then no Pains reſemblance to purſue,
Give us but ſomething very ſtrange, and new,
'Twill entertain the more — that 'tis not true.
If great Sir *Robert*[x]'s Character you'd feign,
Deſcribe him mean, revengeful, thoughtleſs, vain;
A thouſand monſtrous Accuſations bring,
Falſe to his *Friends*, his *Country*, and his *King*.
Make *weekly Patriots* free from Envy ſeem,
And Publick Good their *Thought*, as well as *Theme*.

C

Romani tollent Equites peditesque cachinnum.
(18) Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,

[x] S. Robt. Walpole

Call *D——t* proud, vain-glorious, fond of Station,
And *H———r* the Honour of the Nation;
Shew *Ch———ld* nor witty, nor polite,
A———le unable or to ſpeak, or fight.

(19) But if ſome untry'd Story you would chuſe,
And in new Characters employ your Muſe;
Draw each be ſure as monſtrous as you can,
Something betwixt a *C——tres* and a Man.
True to it ſelf let no one Image be,
Nor the Beginning, with the End agree;
From firſt to laſt write on without Deſign,
And give us ſome new Wonder in each Line.

(19) Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.
Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam, ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

(20) 'Tis difficult a well-known Tale to tell,
It won't admit Variety ſo well;
But if you bring a *Scotch*, or *Iriſh* Story,
You'll never fail to pleaſe both *Whig* and *Tory*:
Then other's Labours you may make your own,
Steal every Word, nor fear its being known;
For if another ſhould your Theft explore,
E'en cry *Thief* firſt, like honeſt *J*——*y M*——*re*.

(21) Let lofty Language your Beginning grace,
And ſtill ſet out with a gigantick Pace;
In thund'ring Lines your *no Deſign* rehearſe,
And rant, and rumble in a Storm of Verſe.

It

(20) Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Illiacum Carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus;
Publica materies privati Juris erit, Si
Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, nec ſic deſilies Imitator in arctum
Unde Pedem proferre pudor Vetet, aut Operis Lex.

(21) Nec ſic incipies ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim,
Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile Bellum;

t ne'er can fail to charm a crowded Houſe,
To ſee the lab'ring Mountain yield a Mouſe.
We're pleas'd to find the *great*, th' *important*, *Day*,
Produce a Jig, a Wedding, or a Fray;
As if the old World modeſtly withdrew,
And in Creation had brought forth a New;
Profoundly judging with the antient Sire,
That *where there is much Smoke, muſt be ſome Fire.*
(22) 'Tis therefore your's to keep the Mind in Doubt,
And never let your Meaning quite come out;
To ſhun the leaſt approach of Light with Care,
And turn, and double like a hunted Hare.

To

Quid dignum tanto feriet hic promiſſor hiatu,
Parturient montes naſcetur rediculus mus.
Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare Lucem
Cogitat ut ſpecioſa dehinc Miracula promat.
(22) Semper ad eventum feſtinat & in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas auditorem rapit & quæ.

To hide your whole Deſign make ſome Pretence,
And ſpare no Pains to keep us in ſuſpenſe;
Leave out no Nonſenſe, and you cannot fail
To make your Work have neither Head nor Tail.

(23) If anxious to delight the liſt'ning Throng,
Their ſtrict Attention, and loud Claps prolong;
If ev'ry Rank, and Sect you would engage,
Ne'er ſuit your Manners to the Sex, or Age.
To write in Character is not requir'd;
The more uncommon, 'tis the more admir'd.

(24) A Child that juſt can go alone, and prattle,
Should mourn at once, for loſs of Breaſt — and Battle;

Like

Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit;
Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.
(23) Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſque
Seſſuri donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores.
(24) Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo

Like little *W*———*m*, boaſt true *Engliſh* Spirit,
And gravely talk of Vertue, Senſe, and Merit;
Converſe with Patriots, and *Politicians*,
And rail at *Dunkirk*, *Hannover*, and *Heſſians*.
(25) The beardleſs Youth as wanton as a Squirrel,
Juſt free'd from Diſcipline of Rod, and Ferrel,
Should wiſely caſt his jovial Sports away,
Renounce his Wenching, Drinking, Dogs, and Play,
Copy the *ſtingy Duke* ſo young and thrifty,
And look, and talk a very Don of Fifty.
(26) One of that Age at which 'tis made a Rule,
That each Man's a Phyſician, or a Fool;

Wild

Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutantur in horas.
(25) Imberbis Juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſque & aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupiduſque & amata relinquere pernix.
(26) Converſis ſtudiis ætas animuſque virilis

Wild as old wanton *R*——*r* ſhould appear,

Void of Ambition, innocent of Fear;

Nor Fame, nor Friendſhip, nor Preferment mind,

So *Jowler* prove but ſtaunch, and *Phillis* kind.

(27) Old Age in youthful Pleaſures ſhould delight,

And like grim *C*——*s* Drink, Wench, Game, and Bite;

Have each weak Side ſupported by a Whore,

And raviſh *Drury-Virgins* by the Score.

For 'tis, you know, an unconteſted Truth,

That Age is nothing but a ſecond Youth.

Dejecting Thought! that all the Toil and Cares

Which Youth's employ'd in, all our Hopes, and Fears

Quærit opes & amicitias, inſervit honori,
Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
(27) Multa ſenem circum veniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quærit & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod Res omnes timide gelideque miniſtrat;
Dilator, ſpe longus inners aviduſque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti

The Wealth, Fame, Knowledge, Honour, we obtain,
Paſs a few Years, are uſeleſs found, and vain.
Thus Truth and Nature you muſt ſtill neglect,
For thoſe Things pleaſe us moſt we leaſt expect,
To ſee *Sixteen* like old Sir ~~G—w—t~~ ſcrape, Sr G. Heath
And *Sixty* ſent to *Newgate* for a Rape.

(28) Next ſhun with Care, the Rule preſcrib'd of old,
That Things too ſtrange, ſhould not be ſhewn, but told.
The Feats of *Fauſtus*, and the Pranks of *Jove*
Chang'd to a *Bull*, to carry off his Love;

Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte ſeniles
Mandentur Juveni partes, pueroque Viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabitur aptis.
(28) Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur;
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ

The *ſwimming Monſter*, and the *flying Steed*,
Meduſa's Cavern, and her Serpent-breed,
Domes voluntary riſing from the Ground,
And *Yahoo Rich* transform'd into a *Hound*,
All acted, with a Show of Truth deceive,
Which if related we ſhould ne'er believe;
Glorious Free-thinking reigns to that degree,
We credit nothing now, but what we *ſee*.
(29) The Number of your Acts we never mind,
For modern Poets ſcorn to be confin'd:
Two ſometimes ſuits the Genius, ſometimes three,
With hungry Bards the feweſt beſt agree.

(30) To

Ipſe ſibi tradit Spectator — non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in Scenam ——
Nec pueros, coram populo, Medea trucidet
Aut in avem Progne mutatur, Cadmus in Anguem,
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.
(29) Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult & Spectata reponi.

(30) To ſerve each purpoſe, be it ne'er ſo odd,
Be ſure to introduce a *Ghoſt* or — *God*;
Make *Monſters*, *Fiends*, *Heav'n*, *Hell*, at once engage,
For all are pleas'd to ſee a *well-fill'd* Stage.

(31) The antient *Chorus* juſtly's laid aſide,
And all its Office by a *Song* ſupply'd:
A *Song* — when to the Purpoſe ſomething's lack't,
Relieves us in the middle of an Act;
A *Song* inſpires our Breaſts with am'rous Fury,
And turns our Fancies on the *Nymphs* of *Drury*:
Can quell our Rage, and pacify our Cares,
Revive old Hopes, and baniſh preſent Fears;

(30) Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit, nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.

(31) Actoris partes Chorus officiumque Virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat apte;
Ille bonis faveatque & concilietur amicis,
Ille regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem

Lighten like Wine the bitter Load of Life,
And make each Wretch forget his *Debts* — and *Wife*.

(32) In Days of Old when *Engliſhmen* were *Men*,
Their Muſick like themſelves, was grave, and plain;
The manly Trumpet, and the ſimple Reed,
Alike with *Citizen*, and *Swain* agreed,
Whoſe Songs in lofty Senſe, but humble Verſe,
Their Loves, and Wars alternately rehearſe;
Sung by themſelves their homely Cheer to crown,
In Tunes from Sire to Son deliver'd down.

(33) But now, ſince *Brittains* are become polite,
Since ſome have learnt to *read*, and ſome to *write*;

Since

Juſtitiam, legeſque, & apertis otia Portis;
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur & oret
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.

(32) Tibia non, ut nunc, Orichalco vincta, Tubæque
Æmula, ſed tenuis ſimplex foramine pauco,
A ſpirare & adeſſe Choris erat utilis, atque

Since Trav'ling has ſo much improv'd our *Beaux*,
That each brings home a foreign *Tongue*, or *Noſe*;
And Ladies paint with that amazing Grace,
That their beſt *Vizard* is their natural *Face*;
Since *South-Sea Schemes* have ſo inrich'd the Land,
That *Footmen* 'gainſt their *Lords* for *Boroughs* ſtand;
Since *Maſquerades* and *Opera*'s made their Entry,
And *Heydegger* and *Handell* rul'd our Gentry;
A hundred different Inſtruments combine,
And foreign *Songſters* in the Concert join:
The *Gallick Horn*, whoſe winding Tube, in vain
Pretends to emulate the *Trumpet*'s Strain;

The

Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu,
Quo ſane Populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, caſtuſque vere-cunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, Vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impune diebus,
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque libentia major;

The *ſhrill-ton'd Fiddle*, and the *warbling Flute*,
The *grave Baſſoon*, *deep Baſe*, and *tinkling Lute*,
The *jingling Spinet*, and the *full-mouth'd Drum*,
A *Roman Weather* and *Venetian Strum*,
All league, melodious Nonſenſe to diſpenſe,
And give us *Sound*, and *Show*, inſtead of *Senſe*;
In unknown Tongues myſterious Dullneſs chant,
Make Love in *Tune*, or *thro' the Gamut rant*.

(33) Long labour'd *Rich*, by Tragick Verſe to gain
The Town's Applauſe — but labour'd long in vain;
At length he wiſely to his Aid call'd in,
The *active Mime* and *checker'd Harlequin*.

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit Eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque ſagax rerum & divina futuris
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.
(33) Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob Hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtes Satyros nudavit, & aſper.

Nor rul'd by Reaſon, nor by Law reſtrain'd,
In all his Shows, Smut and Profaneſs reign'd;
Lords, *Squires*, and *Commons*, all alike they roaſt,
From *Knight* of *Garter*, down to *Knight* of *Poſt*;
Paid no regard to any Rank or Station,
Yea, mock'd the ſolemn Rites of *Coronation*.
Lords, *Knights*, and *Ladies* who but late were ſeen
With Regal Pomp, and Eminence of Mien;
Plumes on their Heads that ſeem'd to reach the Skie,
Ribbands and *Stars* that dazzl'd every Eye;

Trains

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functuſque ſacris, & potus, & exlex.
Verum ita riſores ita commendare dicaces,
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere Seria Ludo,
Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhebitur heros
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & Oſtro

* *Soon after the Coronation of their preſent Majeſties, there was a* pous *Repreſentation of the* Solemnity, *and* Proceſſion, *exhibited at the* eatre *in* Drury-lane, *which Mr.* Rich *took occaſion to Burleſque in the* nner *above deſcrib'd.*

Trains that with Gold and Purple ſwept the
Ground,
And *Muſick* like the Sphere's celeſtial Sound;
Here ſtripp'd of all, in homely guiſe appear,
Knights Hempen-ſtrings, and *Ladies Pattens* wear;
The good *Lord Mayor*, as erſt, devouring *Cuſtard*,
And *Muſick*, as when *City-Bands* are muſter'd.
Thou then, O Bard! who would'ſt attempt to
pleaſe,
Give us ſuch fine, fantaſtick Things as theſe;
Make our grave *Matrons* as unſeemly Dance,
And talk as Lewd as *Mademoiſelles de France.*

(34) Who'

Migret in obſcuras, humili ſermone, Tabernas.
Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia Verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Interet Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

(34) Who'ere would *Comedy* or *Satire* write,
Muſt never ſpare *Obſcenity*, and *Spite*:
A *Quantum ſufficit* of Smut, will raiſe
Crowds of Applauders to the dulleſt Plays;
Whilſt Scandal, Rallery, and pure ill Nature,
Are found the beſt *Ingredients* for a Satire.
But he that would in *Buskins* tread the Stage,
With *Rant*, and *Fuſtian*, muſt divert the Age,
And *Boſchi* like, be always in a Rage.
In *Blood* and *Wounds* the *Galleries* moſt delight,
Who think all Vertue is to ſtorm, and fight;
Whilſt *Plumes*, gilt *Truncheons*, *bloody Ghoſts* and *Thunder*,
Engage the *Boxes* to behold and —— wonder.

(34) Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum
Verbaque Piſones, Satyrorum Scriptor amabo;
Nec ſic enitar Tragico differre colori

Confound each Character, no difference make
If *Talbot*, or a *Gonſon* be to ſpeak;
So puzzle well known Things, that all may own,
Such Wonders could be done by you alone:
So much ſurprizing Novelty prevails,
And adds ſuch Honours to the meaneſt Tales.

(35) Let Country *Louts* then, juſt come up to Town,
Well-bred, Polite, and Elegant, be ſhewn;
Talk Blaſphemy and Bawdry, with a *Port*,
As if they had been born, and bred at Court:

Ut nihil interſit Davuſne loquatur, an audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone Talentum:
An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem. Sudet multum, fruſtaque laboret
Auſus idem. Tantum Series juncturaque pollet,
Tantum de medio ſumptis accedit honoris.
(35) Silvis deducti caveant me judice Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis & pene forenſes.

To ſee all Nature with ſuch Art inverted,
Tom and my *Lord* will be alike diverted;
Let Criticks ſnarl they never can redreſs,
For worthy Leave is given you to tranſgreſs.
(36) But hold, wiſe Sir, for that *your Leave* we crave,
What ſhan't we ſhew the little Wit we have?
Shall *we (you cry)* learn writing ill by *Rule*,
And have *we* need to *Study* to be *Dull?*
Yes — when the greateſt Merit's want of Senſe,
The leaſt faint glimpſe of Reaſon gives offence:

Aut immunda crepent ignominioſaque dicta:
Offenduntur enim quibus eſt Equus & Pater & Res.
Et data Romanis Venia eſt indigna Poetis.
(36) Idcircone vager ſcribamque licenter? an omnes
Viſuros peccata putem mea; vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui ——

Beſides, who'd read the *Antients* Night and Day,
And toil to follow where they lead the Way?
Who'd write, and cancel with alternate Pain,
Firſt ſweat to build, then to pull down again?
To turn the weigh'd Materials o'er and o'er,
And every Part, in ev'ry Light explore;
From Senſe, and Nature never to depart,
And labour *artfully*, to cover *Art*:
Who'd ſeek to run ſuch *rugged* Roads as theſe?
When *ſmooth Stupidity*'s the Way to pleaſe;
When gentle *H*——'s Singſongs more delight,
Than all a *Dryden* or a *Pope* can write.

(37) O

——— — vos Exemplaria Græca
Nocturna verſate manu, verſata Diurna
At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavere ſales.

(37) Our antient Tragedy was void of Art,
Shewn by ſome merry *Britton* in a Cart,
Whoſe naked Tribe of *Saxons*, *Scots*, and *Picts*,
Sung Songs like *L*~~*everid*~~*ge*, and like *R*~~*alp*~~*h* play'd
Tricks.

(38) Then *Shakeſpear* roſe in a politer Age,
And plac'd his well-dreſs'd Actors on a Stage,
Taught them to move with Grace, and ſpeak with
Art,
To charm the Paſſions, and engage the Heart;

(39) Next laughing Comedy with awkward Grace,
Began to ſhew its rediculing Face,

But

(37) Ignotum Tragicæ Genus inveniſſe Camænæ
Dicitur, & Plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora;
(38) Poſt hunc Perſonæ pallæquæ repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus & modicis inſtravit Pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.
(39) Succeſſit Vetus his Comædia non ſine multa
Laude, ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & Vim

But taking too much Freedom with the *Great*,
In *Polly*'s *Opera* receiv'd its Fate,
(40) Our *Engliſh* Bards have left untry'd no Ways,
No Stone unturn'd in the purſuit of Praiſe;
But bravely launching from the *Antient*'s Road,
In Paths peculiar to themſelves have trod;
Till *Brittain* now like famous is become,
For *Arms Abroad*, and *Poetry* at *Home*.
Some Fools indeed amongſt us yet remain,
Who think to mend their Works by Time, and Pain;
Much Care, and Reading their Productions coſt,
Much Care and *Reading* now, is *ſo much* loſt:

Take

Dignam lege regi, lex eſt accepta: Choruſque
Turpiter obticuit ſublato Jure nocendi.
(40) Nil intentatum noſtri liquere Poetæ,
Nec minimum meruere decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſeruere, & celebrare domeſtica facta:
Nec vertute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium, ſi non offenderet unum
Quemque Poetarum Limæ Labor & mora — Vos o
Pompilius Sanguis Carmen reprehendite quod non,

Take then no Time to Think, but work in haſte,
The brighteſt Talent's that of writing faſt.

(41) Moſt Readers like romantick Flights alone,
And ſcorn a Poem where Deſign is ſhewn;
Not think that any Man can be a Poet,
Unleſs his frantick Looks, and Actions ſhew it.
If therefore you would gain the ſacred Name,
And with the *Mob* immortalize your Fame;
Be ſure that like *mere* Men you ne're be ſeen,
Good natur'd, cheerful, mannerly, or clean;
But ſlovenly, and thoughtful walk the Street,
Talk to your ſelf, and know no Friend you meet.

As

Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non caſtigavit unguem.
(31) Ingenium miſera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicon Poetas
Democritus, Bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non Barbam, ſecreta petit loca, Balnea vitat;
Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenque Poetæ
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit. ———

As for my ſelf, I'm far from being nice,
And practice often what I here adviſe;
At Shop, or Stall of Stationer appear,
With tatter'd Habit, and abſtracted Air;
Now fiercely gazing, now in Thought profound,
My Eyes or at the Stars, or on the Ground.
Not that I dare to Poetry pretend,
But boaſt at moſt to be the Poet's Friend,
To *whet* them on to write, and like the *Hone*,
Give others Edge, tho' I my ſelf have none;
To point them out the moſt ſucceſsful Ways,
To purchaſe *Pudding*, and to purchaſe *Praiſe*.

Hear

—— O ego lævus
Qui purgo Bilem ſub verni Temporis horam:
—— —— ergo fungar vice cotis
Reddere quæ ferrum valet exors ipſa ſecandi;
Munus & officium, nil ſcribens ipſe, docebo
Unde parentur opes, quid formet aletque Poetam.

Hear then, ye Bards, with cloſe Attention hear,
(You that are bleſs'd with a remaining *Ear*;)
Learn hence what Paths to quit, or to purſue,
To gain the Falſe, and to avoid the True;
Learn hence new Ways, and Wonders to explore,
And write as Poets never wrote before.

(42) A thorough Knowledge of the Court, and Town,
Is the grand *Noſtrum* to acquire Renown;
Let *Novels*, *Memoirs*, and *Lampoons* be read,
And with the *Attalantis* fill your Head.
A Bard well skill'd in the Affairs of State,
And all th' Intrigues, and Knaveries of the Great;

(42) Scribendi recte Sapere eſt & principium & fons;
Rem tibi Socraticæ poſſunt oſtendere Chartæ,

That knows the ſolemn Promiſes they make,
They do — for no one Purpoſe but to break;
Their talk of publick Good, and future Fame,
Means preſent Profit all, and private Aim;
That all the filial Piety they have,
They long to bury in their *Father*'s Grave,
And all the Brotherly Regards they bear,
Conſiſt in Hopes of ſoon commencing *Heir*.
Who knows what *Members* for their Votes are paid,
And ſell their Country with their Voice for Bread.
What *Judge*, who while he hangs the needy Knave
For a *plum Hundred* will the rich One ſave;

Qui didicit Patri quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo ſit amore Parens, quo frater amandus, & Hoſpes,
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod Judicis officium, quæ

And what fierce *Captain* when commanded out,
Reſigns his Poſt, or *counterfeits the Gout:*
A Bard, I ſay, with ſuch Acquirements ſtor'd,
Can draw a *Jilt*, a *Sharper*, or a *Lord*;
And private Scandals better entertain,
Than all the Sweat, and Labour of the Brain.
(43) The *Greeks*, dull Souls! ſo greedy were of Fame,
They ſtarv'd their *Body*, to preſerve their *Name:*

Partes in bellum miſſi ducis, ille profecto
Reddere Perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere Exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & veras hinc ducere voces;
Interdum Specioſa locis morataque recte,
Valdius delectat populum meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.
(43) Graiis Ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui preter Laudem nullius avaris.

They ſcorn'd forſooth to ſuit the vulgar Taſte,
Their Labours to Poſterity muſt laſt,
And, for the preſent, they muſt — what? why faſt.
Thank Heav'n we're bleſs'd with more *ſubſtantial Senſe*,
And take moſt Pleaſure, when we count the *Pence*;
Let wicked *Heathens* be ſo proud, and vain,
A Chriſtian Poet's Godlineſs is *gain*.
Take then due Care to lengthen out the Piece,
By which you'll *profit* more, as well as *pleaſe*,
Of Bulk alone your Printer is a Judge,
Nor a large Price, for many Sheets can grudge;

Your

Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere ——
Aut prodeſſe volunt aut delectare Poetæ,
Aut ſimul & Jucunda & idonea dicere Vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis, ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles teneantque fideles;

Your Readers too you better can impoſe on,
Whilſt the long, tedious, puz'ling *Tome* they doze on.
(44) When'ere for ſake of ſweet Variety,
You'd draw ſome Wonder, or diverting Lie,
Fly far from *heavy* Probability;
And ſhew *Tom Thumb*, the more Surprize to give,
From the *Cows Belly* taken out alive.
(45) To pleaſe alone employ your Thoughts and Care,
Nor Age, nor Youth, will admonition bear;
Your preaching moral Dunce we always ſlight,
And read not for Inſtruction, but Delight.
(46) 'Tis

Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
(44) Ficta voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris:
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum Puerum extrahat alvo.
(45) Centuriæ Seniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poemata Rhamnes.

(46) 'Tis then, and then alone the Point you gain,
If no one Precept in your Works remain,
But *Ribaldry*, and *Scandal* lawleſs Reign.
Thus ſhall you gain the Profit you purſue,
And *Curl* get Money by the Copy too;
Thus ſhall all *Drury* in your Praiſe combine,
And diſtant *Goodman's Fields* their Pæans join;
So far *Barbadoes* ſhall re-ſound your Fame,
And ev'n *tranſported Felons* know your Name.

(47) Yet if by *chance*, you here and there impart,
Some Sparks of Wit, or Glimmerings of Art;

---

(46) Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo;
Hic meret æra liber Sociis: hic & mare tranſit,
(47) Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus;

If by *miſtake* you *blunder* upon Senſe,
Good Nature will forgive the firſt Offence;
No *String* will always give the Sound requir'd,
Nor *Shaft* fly faithfully to the Point deſir'd:
If that your Works are generally fraught,
With *pompous* Show, and *ſhallowneſs* of Thought;
If hum'rous Point, ſmooth Verſe, and forc'd Conceit,
With *ſoothing* Sound, and *ſolid* Nonſenſe meet:
We ſhall not be offended with one Fault,
Thro' *Want* of Negligence, or *Pain* of Thought:

But

Nam neque chorda Sonum reddat quem vult manus & mens,
Nec ſemper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus:
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendari maculis, quos aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid ergo?

But think not that an Audience will excuſe
The *Fool* that *purpoſely dull Senſe* purſues,
That *Young* or *Thomſon* like, will never write,
Unleſs at once to profit, and delight.
The beſt may err 'tis true, and ſeem to creep,
Long Labours ſink the brighteſt Souls in ſleep;
I'm griev'd to find even *Cheſhire Johnſon* nod,
And ſometimes ſhew the abſence of the God.
(48) Painting and Poetry ſhould ſtill agree,
Some Pictures beſt far off, ſome near, we ſee;

Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque
Quamvis eſt monitus, venia caret: ut citharedus
Ridetur, chorda qui ſemper oberrat eadem:
Sic mihi qui multum ceſſat, fit Chærilus ille,
Quem bis terque bonum cum riſu miror, & idem
Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verum opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

(48) Ut Pictura Poëſis erit, quæ ſi proprius ſtes

So when the Tricks of *Fauſtus* are preſented,
If plac'd too nigh my Pleaſure is prevented;
I ſee the *Strings* by which the Feats are done,
And quickly find no *Conjurer* in *Lun.*
If *Ghoſts* appear make *dark* the ſolemn Scene,
But in full *Light* let *Goddeſſes* be ſeen;
Poor *Bays*'s Opera ſcarce would bear *one* View,
But *Gay*'s repeated *Sixty-times*, was new.
(49) O! *Dennis*, eldeſt of the ſcribling Throng,
Tho' skill'd thy ſelf in ev'ry Art of Song,
Tho' alſo of thy *Mother-Goddeſs* full,
By Inſpiration *furiouſly* Dull;

Te capiet magis; & quædam, ſi longius abſtes;
Hæc amat obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce videri;
Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.
(49) O major Juventum quamvis & voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te ſapis, hoc tibi dictum

Yet this one Maxim from my Pen receive,
To *midling* Bards the World no Quarter give.
T*heobal*d a *Petty-fogger* might have made,
And been perhaps a Dapſter at his Trade.
Th' indifferent Lawyer is the moſt in vogue,
And ſtill the greater, as the greater Rogue.
But midling Poets are by all accurſt,
We only liſten to the Beſt or —— *Worſt.*
(50) All Arts by Time, and Induſtry are gain'd,
And without Pains no Knowledge is obtain'd.
Ladies muſt ſtudy hard to play Quadrill,
And *Doctors* take *Degrees* before they kill.

Young

Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi. Conſultus Juris & actor,
Cauſarum mediocris abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſalæ, nec ſit quantum Caſcellius Aulus,
Sed tamen in pretio eſt —— Mediocribus eſſe Poëtis
Non Homines, non Dii, non conceſſere columnæ.
Sic, animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
Si paulum a ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.
(59) Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis:
Indoctuſve Pilæ, Diſcive, Trochivæ, quieſcit,

Young *Levites* be compleatly read in *Greek*,
Before they ſchool their Pariſh once a Week:
Courtiers with Patience for Preferment wait,
And *Lawyers* ſtudy *Equity* to cheat:
But yet you ſay that without Pains, or Time,
All dare to dabble in the Arts of Rhime:
Why not? ſince Fancy, Poverty, and Spite,
Demand eternal Privilege to write.
Without reſtraint indulge your *ſharp* Deſire,
Want — not *Minerva*, kindles up the Fire:
Truſt then alone to arbitrary Chance,
And let no *Critick* o'er your Labours glance,

Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?
Liber & Ingenuus ———
Tu nihil invita dices facieſve Minerva.
——— Si quid tamen olim,
Scripſeris in metii deſcendat Judicis aures
Et patris & noſtras; nonumque prematur in annum

But if thro' haſte, ſome Parts remain too *bright*,
The next *Edition* you may *cloud* them quite.

(51) *Orpheus*, I've read, by his harmonious Skill,
Made *Birds* and *Beaſts* obedient to his Will,
Amphion greater yet, made Stones advance,
And ſturdy Oaks to mingle in the Dance;
But how much greater in our Age are thoſe!
Whoſe powerful Strains could charm the *Belles* and *Beaux!*
Tis likewiſe ſaid, that in our Father's Days,
By Senſe, and Vertue Poets aim'd at Praiſe,
And in their Country's Service tun'd their Lays.

Taught

Membranis intus poſitis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: Neſcit vox miſſa reverti.
(51) Sylveſtres Homines Sacer Interpreſque Deorum
Cædibus & victo fædu deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres rapidoſque Leones.
Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor Arcis,
Saxa movere Sono teſtudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam

Taught Men from Fraud, and Rapine to abſtain,
And Publick Good prefer, to private Gain:
Shew'd 'em what Reverence to the *Gods* was due,
And what rich Fruits from *Social Vertues* grew:
By nuptial Ties looſe Libertines reſtrain'd,
Taught mutual Commerce, and wiſe Laws ordain'd;
Whilſt others ſung in animating Strains,
The martial Hoſts embattl'd on the Plains;
Or uſeful Secrets labour'd to explore,
Which lay conceal'd in Nature's Womb before.
For ſuch dull Stuff they juſtly are deſpis'd,
We knowing *Moderns* ſcorn to be adviſ'd.

How

Publica privatis ſecernere, Sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
——— Poſt hos inſignis Homerus,
Tyrteuſque, mares animos in martia Bella,
Verſibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina Sortes
Et Vitæ monſtrata via eſt, & gratia regum

How much more entertaining is the *Bard*,
That of all Vertue ſhews a diſregard,
Who by no Laws Divine, or Human aw'd,
Rails at his *Prince*, and redicules his *God*;
To Vice and Folly ſplendid Temples rears,
And for our Entertainment, *risks his Ears*.

(52) Some queſtion whither this diverting Vein,
Be Nature's Gift, or is acquir'd by Pain.
In my Opinion neither is requir'd,
Nor taught by *Study*, nor by *Genius* fir'd,
By *Whim* alone, or *Penury* inſpir'd.

Pieriis tentata modis: Luduſque repertus
Et longorum operum finis, ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers & cantor Apollo.
Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. ———

(52) Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite Vena,
Nec rude quod profit video ingenium.

He then that would the wiſh'd-for Prize obtain,
Need never dim his Eyes, or rack his Brain,
Nor toil by Day, nor meditate by Night,
But take for *Power*, the *Willingneſs* to write,
And ever thoughtleſs, indolent, and gay,
With *Wine*, and *Women* revel Life away.
Let *Pipers* learn their Fingers to command,
And *Fidlers* drudge ſeven Years to make a Hand,
You care for nothing but a warm *Third-Night*;
Why then, *Pox take the Hindmoſt!* cry, and write.
(53) 'Tis likewiſe requiſite you ſome ſhould hire,
On the firſt Night, your Labours to admire;

Some

Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. Sudavit & alſit,
Abſtinuit venere & Vino. Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magiſtrum,
Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, ego mira Poemata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies ———
(53) Ut præco ad merces Turbam qui coget emendas,
Aſſentatores Jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta.

Some that will ſtamp, and rave at ev'ry Line,
And ſwear 'tis charming! exquiſite! divine!
Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*, is well brought in,
And clap the very *drawing* of the *Scene*;
And next old *Dennis* with a Suppert reat,
He'll like your *Poem* as he likes your *Meat*;
For give that growling *Cerberus* but a *Sop*,
He'll cloſe his Jaws, and ſleep like any Top.
(54) But well beware you never truſt to thoſe,
Who under Friendſhip's Mask, are real Foes,

Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad verſus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ. Clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte.
Palleſcet ſuper his: etiam ſtillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem: ſaliet, tundet pede Terram.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere cucullis,
Et torquere mero quem perſpeciſſe laborent,
An ſit amicitia dignus ———
(54) Nunquam te fallant animi ſub Vulpe latentes,
Quintilio ſiquid recitares, corrige, ſodes

nd ſway'd by Envy, Ignorance, or Spite,
ind Fault with every thing that you recite;
Who ne're will pardon an *unmeaning* Line,
ut *Rhime* to *Reaſon*, ſlaviſhly confine:
Enliven this *(they cry)* and Poliſh that,
The *Diction*'s here too rugged, there too flat,
That *Thought*'s too mean, and here you're too
" obſcure,
This *Line*'s ill-turn'd, and —— ſtrike out thoſe
" be ſure,
hus, while they *cancel* what they *call* amiſs,
here ſcarce *remains* a *Line* of all the *Piece*.

Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Melius te poſſe negarea.
Bis terque expertum fruſtra? delere jubebat.
Et male tornatos incendi reddere Verſus.
Culpabit duros: incomptis allinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo Signum ——
—— cur ego amicum,
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala ——

(55) As, then, you would avoid a clam'rous

Dun,

Scour from a *Catchpole*, or the *Pill'ry* ſhun,

So fly ſuch *Criticks*, truſt your ſelf alone,

Nor to *their* Humour, ſacrifice your *own*:

No— rather ſeek ſome *Sycophant* at court,

Some rich, young, lack-wit *Lord* for your ſup-

port:

Submit your Works to his *right-honour'd Note*,

He'll *Judge*, with the *ſame Spirit* that you

wrote:

(56) And

(55) Ut mala quem ſcabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent, fugiuntque Poetam,
Qui ſapiunt ——

(56) And if a *Dupe*, that *freely bleeds*, you nick,

e ſure you faſten, and be ſure you ſtick;

e-rime, *Be-proſe* him, *Dedicate*, and *Lie*,

nd never leave him, till you've ſuck'd him dry.

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(56) Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo;
Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris, Hirudo.

[illegible]

Church, Fleetstreet.

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